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THE

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A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home



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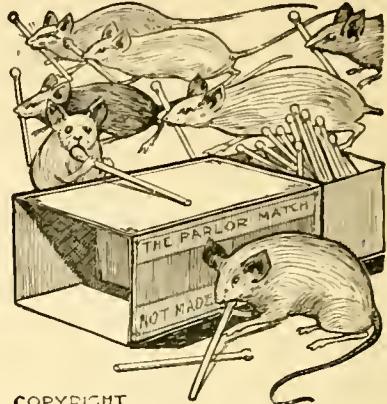
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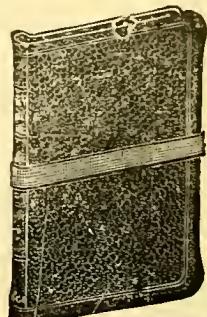
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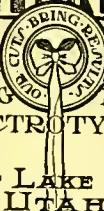
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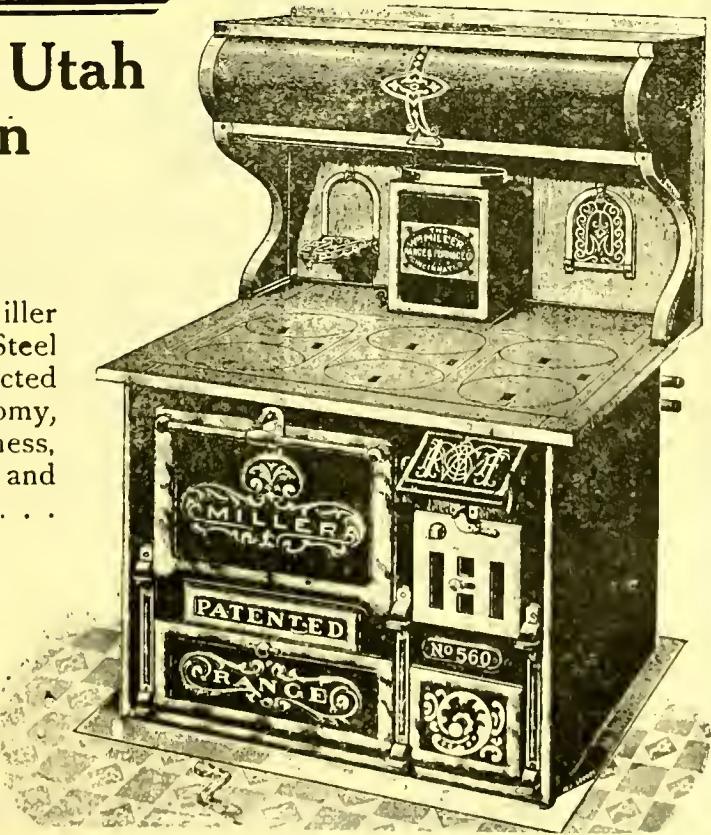
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Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

VOL. XLIII

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APRIL 1, 1908

NO. 4

Anvil or Hammer?

By Dr. J. M. Tanner.

"Hammer away, ye hostile bands;
Your hammers break, God's anvil
stands."

Are the highest divine manifestations of man's faith more frequently analogous to the hammer or to the anvil? Christ, the highest type of spiritual life, was both hammer and anvil. His denunciations were strong and earnest; they were warnings to those misled by the unworthy; they were exposures of the hypocrisy of the age; they characterized Him as a reformer. But what of their relative importance in His mission of redemption when compared with the things He endured? It is, after all, what Christ endured that constitutes the highest value of His mission to earth. What He taught is good authority, and the manner of His speaking is convincing, but the highest glory of His life must be sought for in what He suffered. His death, the forerunner of His resurrection, was the critical point in His heavenly appointed mission. There is no more inspiring event in His life than the scene in the garden of Gethsemane.

The hammer is light, the anvil is heavy. It is easy to strike, it is not so easy to endure the blow. There is no higher virtue than the power of righteous endurance. In such endurance are embodied patience, virtue, and faith. What man suffers in reliance upon God's purpose

and mercy is the highest test of a Christ-like nature. The anvil rests upon a firm foundation, the hammer has no fixed place. It is more truly a tool too often used in the hands of those who wield it harmfully.

When there is not enough material in a man to make out of him an anvil, he may perchance have enough to make a hammer. Even the sledge is light when compared with the anvil. The truest and best followers of Christ are more anvil than hammer. It is easier to make others suffer than to suffer one's self. When the hammer is the symbol of evil as represented in the old Huguenot motto quoted above, the contrast is more striking. The custom of constantly hammering, one may be sure, always has in it more of evil than good. It is better then to suffer a wrong than to perpetrate one. No man ever reached a truly exalted place in the Church either in the time of Jesus or in our own time whose power of endurance was not thoroughly tested.

The worldly minded are more naturally given to strife. To them there is a glamour in war. The stroke of the hammer for good or evil counts most to their ambition. Man's history of the world is the history of the warrior, the selfishness, the ambition and the glory of man. God's history of the world

will be the wrought-out powers of man's righteous endurance. There is no more beautiful expression of a God-like manhood than is found in the words, "tried and true."

The hammer may test the anvil; even wicked men may test good ones; but there is more glory in enduring the test than there is in subjecting others to it. The successful man in the world's standard to-day is the man who overcomes others. Divine success should be looked for rather in the man who overcomes himself by making all his powers contribute to a will higher than his own. True there is action in life; but an action of resistance though apparently silent and invisible is action in the highest degree. Most men prefer action that

is spectacular. The sky rocket delights; but the hidden powers of a noble resistance are the best assurance of divine joys.

Both hammer and anvil have their useful purposes in divine economy, but one is vastly superior to the other. All men have the power to inflict blows—some to inflict heavy ones; but as a rule, such men would go to pieces if subjected to them. They are not the tempered and tested stuff of which anvils are made. It is certainly true that the nearer men approach the life and mission of Christ, the more their virtue and faith are put to the test. In which then shall we expect to find the highest and truest Christ-like nature, in that represented by the hammer, or by the anvil?

WHAT MATTERS IT?

By Grace Ingles Frost.

*What matters it tho' Slander's voice assail us,
Oppression grasps us with its cruel hand,
If in the heart there's no accusing echo?
God knoweth all, and well doth understand.*

*What matters it? 'Twill cause us when another
Shall stand thus basely judged, deaf ears to turn;
And that great gift of God, our Elder Brother,
Sweet charity within the heart to burn.*

*What matters it if Sorrow's barbed arrows
Shall pierce our souls with parting at the grave,
And Poverty's cold, stinging kiss shall bruise us?
What matters it if we become more brave?*

*What matters it if we shall grow more tender
By being thus acquainted with stern grief?
What matters it if it doth us remember
To aid another who may need relief?*

*What matters it tho' Pain's keen sword of torture
Shall be unsheathed for us if by our cries
We're brought more near to God and Christ our Savior,
And learn with human ills to sympathize?*

*What matters it? We should but count it treasure
To taste the bitter cup, as well as sweet.
They who in Life's great battle ne'er are wounded,
Are not prepared the King of Kings to meet.*

Short Stories from Church History.

By John Henry Evans.

XII.

HO! FOR THE WESTERN RESERVE!

One pleasant morning in early April, of the year 1831, two men were walking rapidly over the quiet road toward Fairport Harbor, on Lake Erie. The country between this place and Kirtland, some ten miles to the southwest, was in those days but sparsely inhabited. These men, the only moving objects to be seen, were large and fine-looking, and stepped out like kings.

As they reached the top of a small elevation, one of them said, "I can't see any signs of the ship yet."

"That's because there's a higher knoll between us and the harbor!" the other said, laughingly. "You were looking in the wrong direction, Hyrum. By rights, the vessel ought to be there"—and he pointed directly over the center of the hill in front of them.

"I guess you're right, Joseph," admitted Hyrum. "Maybe we'll be in time, after all, to see the Saints land. I had feared we shouldn't, and then Mother would feel very much disappointed."

The next half mile they walked in silence, eager to reach the point from which they could survey the shimmering lake and the harbor that lay immediately beyond the hill.

On arriving there, however, they both stopped abruptly and Joseph exclaimed, "If there isn't Mother! The ship must have come in last night." Whereupon, like two boys, they ran down the incline to meet the figure coming toward them.

"Mother!" they presently cried out together.

"Joseph, Hyrum; my boys!" came the response, and Mrs. Smith

was clasped so hard by two pairs of strong arms that you would have wondered she could survive.

The first tender inquiries over as to one another's health, the three pursued their way down to the ship's side. Here the two brothers shook hands with some eighty persons,—men, women and children,—all laughing and talking excitedly meanwhile. A most gloomy lot of people the company appeared at first, after their long voyage in a crowded vessel; but the cheerful faces of Joseph and Hyrum and their encouraging words, soon put them all in a happy frame of mind again.

"And now," said the Prophet, the ceremony of handshaking over, "we must see that all you folks get safely to Kirtland. In an hour or two there should arrive enough teams and wagons to take us to town. Meantime we may just as well take it easy." So they all found seats in one place or another on the wharf, Joseph and Hyrum and their mother sitting together on a bench near the large pile of household articles the Saints had brought with them.

"How is it, boys," asked Mrs. Smith, when all were seated, "that you're here before the teams? I didn't see any rig or horses with you. You surely haven't walked all the way from Kirtland?"

"Not all the way from Kirtland," answered Joseph, "though that would not be a very great feat for two strapping fellows like us. But we have walked from Mentor. That's only about five miles from here. We happened to be there preaching last night, and so, the teams from Kirtland not appearing,

we came on alread. We expected to be on time to see you land, but you must have got here last evening early. But you're here, anyway, and that safe and sound."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Smith, to both questions at once, though with only the last distinctly in mind. "And we've had a dreadful time of it, you may be sure."

"Is that so? Tell us about your trip, mother,"

"Well," she went on, "you know, Hyrum, directly after you and your father left us at Buffalo, we had our first real difficulty."

Hyrum and Mr. Smith had stayed in the neighborhood of Fayette, New York, for the purpose of forming companies and of aiding the Saints to embark. In all there were three companies—this one that Mrs. Smith was in, numbering eighty, another under Thomas B. Marsh, numbering thirty odd souls, and a third, called the Colesville branch, consisting of about sixty—making upwards of one hundred and seventy-five in all. The three, however, had left North Fairhaven—fifty miles north of Fayette, Lake Ontario—at different times, but had reached Buffalo about the same time, and a difficulty arising there which would probably delay the boats, Hyrum and his father had undertaken to cross the country to the "Mormon" settlements in Ohio. If you get a map of the United States, or better still, of this particular part of the United States, you may see the route these companies followed—first, from Fayette to North Fairhaven, by land, then on Lake Ontario as far as they could, after that on the famous Erie canal between this lake and Lake Erie, next on Lake Erie to Fairport, and, last of all, from this place to Kirtland.

"There we were all at Buffalo," continued Mrs. Smith, "and no hopes of getting away from there for a week or ten days on account of the ice. Some of our company were sick—some of the women folks—and so I had to go ashore to get them a place to stay till the boats should go. The rest wanted to get off the ship, too, and stay at the taverns, but I told them it would not be long till we'd be going.

"The Saints that had come on the other two boats had great difficulty in obtaining places to stay, but I think that was because they were 'Mormons.' I had no such scruples, neither did I have the difficulty they experienced in getting a place for my sick people. So you see what comes of not being ashamed of your religion." And Mrs. Smith gave Joseph a slight shove with her hand.

"People, after that, used to come near our boat on the shore to listen to our conversations. I always managed to talk loud enough so that they might hear.

"Once, when I was talking with a man about the Book of Mormon, I turned to the Saints about me and said, 'Now, brethren and sisters, if you will all of you raise your desires to heaven, that the ice may be broken up, and we be set at liberty, as sure as the Lord lives, it will be done!'

"Just at that moment we heard a loud noise, like bursting thunder. The captain shouted, 'Every man to his post!' The ice parted, leaving barely a passage for the boat, and so narrow that, as the boat passed through, the buckets of the water-wheel were torn off with a crash, which, joined to the word of command from the captain, the hoarse answering of the sailors, and the

cries and confusion of the spectators, presented a scene truly terrifying. We had barely passed through the avenue, when the ice closed together again, the other two companies being unable to follow us.

"As we were leaving the harbor, one of the by-standers exclaimed, 'There goes the Mormon company! That boat is sunk in the water nine inches deeper than ever it was before, and, mark it, she will sink—there is nothing surer!' In fact, they were so sure of it that they went straight to the office and had it published that we were sunk.

"After our miraculous escape from the wharf at Buffalo, we called our company together and had a prayed-meeting, in which we offered up our thanks to God for His mercy. Before our meeting broke up, the captain came to me and said: 'Mrs. Smith, do, for God's sake, have your people stop praying, or we shall all sink together; for we cannot keep one single man at his post, they are so taken up with your prayers?'

"With a little sea-sickness and some bad weather we arrived safely at Fairport yesterday afternoon. I didn't know at first what to make of your absence. I thought maybe

you had read of our being sunk, and would not be here to meet us."

Presently the long-looked-for teams were seen coming over the hill. When they reached the water's edge, people and luggage were put into the wagons and, the parting scenes with the sailors over, the merry company were singing and laughing their way to Kirtland. Here they were properly located, Joseph having made arrangements for them all, family by family.

It was nearly two weeks before the other two companies arrived. They, too, were met by the Prophet and other leading brethren from Kirtland. The company, under Brother Marsh, was taken direct to this town, but the Colesville branch was located at Thompson, a place about eighteen miles northeast of Kirtland. In both places the United Order was established, first at Thompson and then at Kirtland, for the first time in our dispensation.

Thus it was that all the Saints moved from New York State to Ohio, where the headquarters of the Church had been set. Here the Saints increased in numbers and prosperity till they moved westward to Missouri and Illinois.



LAKE ONTARIO.

Securing Wholesome Milk.

By John Peterson, State Food and Dairy Commissioner.

Next to bread and water, milk is probably more commonly used than any other article of food or drink. In cities and towns almost every house receives its daily supply of milk or cream. Milk is used at nearly every meal, and with few exceptions by every member of the household. Consequently it is an article of food in which everyone is more or less interested.

Milk may be described as a white or yellowish-white liquid, and is obtained as a secretion of the mammary glands, produced by the breaking down of the gland cells. Milk has a mild sweetish taste, and a slight, but characteristic odor, stronger when still warm from the cow. Chemically considered the essential constituents are: water, fat, casein, albumen, milk-sugar, and ash.

The richness of milk and its chief value are due to the butter-fat it contains. The proportion varies from three to six per cent, being influenced in the animal by the race, period of lactation, seasons, feed, time and number of milkings. It has always been known that pure milk is a valuable food. Milk contains in an easily digested form the four kinds of nutrients required by the body, namely, protein, fats, carbohydrates and mineral matter. It is one of the cheapest of foods, as it contains more nutritive matter than can be obtained at the same cost in other foods. Unlike other foods, milk is usually consumed in a raw state, and therefore seldom passes through treatments by which dangerous germs are destroyed before

it reaches the consumer. Most other foods are cooked before they are eaten and the bacteria which are present are thus killed by the heat, while bacteria in milk increase very rapidly.

Impure milk may cause serious and even fatal diseases. Outbreaks of typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarletina, etc., have been definitely traced to infected milk. Frequently cow's milk is the only nourishment taken by infants and invalids, and it is these who are less able to stand the ill-effects of impure milk or food. The importance of absolutely pure milk cannot be over-estimated. Vital statistics show that about one-third of all deaths are infants. A very large per centage of these die from diseases of the stomach, and these diseases are principally due to impure milk or food. It is, therefore, reasonable to assert that the mortality of infants has a close relationship to the wholesomeness of the milk supply. It is not sufficient that the milk should be clean, and pure when delivered to you, but the proper care should be taken in your own home after the milk is received.

The chief means by which milk is often made dangerous are: (1) dirty methods of keeping and milking the cows, dirty milkers, and dirty milk vessels; (2) failure to cool the milk promptly and keep it cold until used, and (3) keeping the milk too long before it is used. Bad milk, therefore, so far as danger to health is concerned, is dirty milk or warm, stale milk.

In the home, as on the farm, and

in the dairy cleanliness and cold are the two essentials in the securing of wholesome milk. All vessels used for milk should be thoroughly cleansed as soon as empty, using first clean, cold water for rinsing, then scalding them with hot water containing a small amount of washing soda or borax. Do not use soap for this purpose. After thorough washing the vessels should be rinsed with clean water and then well-aired and sunned. Never wash a utensil used for milk with a wash-rag; always use a brush. If your milkman delivers his milk in sealed bottles see that he does not leave these in a place where they will be exposed to the sun before being brought into the house. They should be taken as soon as possible and stood in a refrigerator until used. As soon as you have emptied a bottle wash it out carefully. Do not return bottles containing stale milk. If you are getting bottled milk, and if a case of typhoid fever or other infectious disease breaks out in your house, you should tell your milkman at once, and he should not take away any milk bottles from your house until after the case has gotten well. Any one of these bottles might otherwise be the means of carrying the disease to other families.

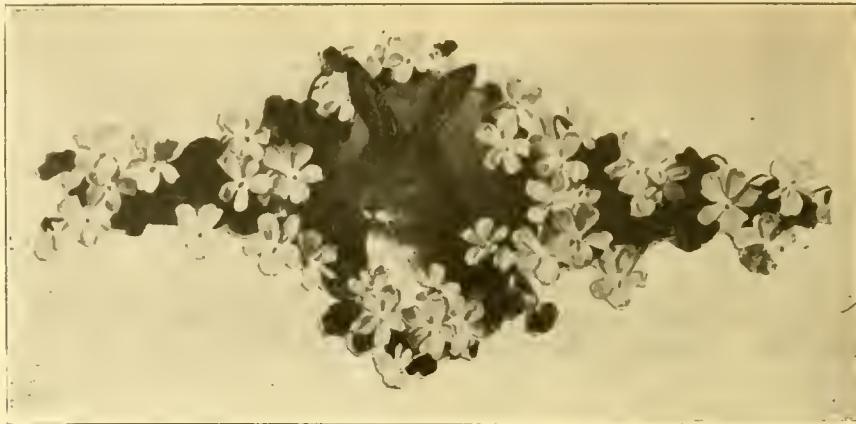
The practice of putting out an uncovered pitcher, or other vessel for milk the night before cannot be too strongly condemned. Such a pitcher or vessel, exposed to the dust and dirt of the street, will col-

lect thousands of germs before the milk is put into it. Many of these may be dangerous to life and health besides they will certainly cause the milk to sour in a short time, and to become unfit for use. The purest milk received from such a vessel may become as bad in a few hours as the worst milk from a dirty farm. If you are compelled to set out a vessel to receive your milk, provide yourself with several glass preserve-jars to use for this purpose only. They should be kept well washed and aired as above described. Get jars with clamp tops. Those with screw tops are hard to keep properly cleaned. A bowl covered by a plate may be used. Never use a pitcher, since it cannot be tightly covered on account of the projecting spout.

Never buy milk for the baby from a grocery store. Store milk has often been kept over from the day before, too often without ice, or in an open vessel in a refrigerator in which meats and vegetables are also kept. It is unwholesome for babies. While good milk is an excellent food, bad milk is one of the most dangerous foods possible, being responsible for a large part of the bowel troubles of babies, and for the death of very many of them.

By paying careful attention to the above instructions you will do much towards keeping your family well during the summer. You will find that your milk will keep longer and taste better.

After all, the Gods dispose of men according as men are fitted; and if the poor be poor in heart and spirit as well as in appearance, how will they be aught but poor to the end of their days. —Indian Folk Tale.



An Easter Story.

Adapted.

One year, when Spring, the little yellow-haired prince with eyes like blue violets, came much earlier than usual, he found none of the children in the woods to meet him.

He asked the birds if they knew why the children were not there. "You are so much earlier than usual," they said, "that we do not think they know you have come, but we are glad they are not here, for last year the boys stole our eggs and broke up our nests."

"Yes," said the meadow-lark, and one little girl stepped on my nest hidden away so carefully in the grass, and all my eggs were smashed."

The trees heard the birds talking and they began: "We were treated badly, too; some boys with great sharp knives cut deep gashes in our sides, and how it hurt us!" And one tiny little tree told how its tallest branch had been broken right off, so that it would take a whole year to grow another half so tall.

"Well, well!" said Spring, "that is too bad! We must see what we can do to help matters." And he sent word around by the bluebird,

calling all the birds to a meeting next day.

The following morning Spring said, "I have thought of a plan. Suppose we send all the children presents and tell them I have come. Then they will know that we love them, and they will love us in return."

"What shall we send?" the birds asked, and such a twittering and chirping began that you would have thought a dozen music boxes were going at once. At last the dove flew down and told Spring that each bird had agreed to send an egg—they could easily spare one each from their nests.

Away they flew to get them and back they soon came. There were all colors and sizes from the robin's tiny blue egg to the big, round, white one of the old screech-owl who lived in the hollow elm tree near by. Even the humming-bird had brought her tiny egg from her nest like a bunch of moss.

"Now," said Spring, "who will be our messenger and carry the eggs to the children?"

The birds did not think they

could carry them, so Spring looked about to see which one of the animals would act as messenger.

The bear and the wolf said they would go willingly, and they were certainly strong enough, but they were sure the children would be afraid of them, so it would not do for them to go.

The fox came up with a sly look on his face and offered to be the messenger. Spring looked at him a moment and said, "Mr. Reynard, you would travel fast enough, I know, but I fear I couldn't quite trust you with the eggs."

The turtle was careful and steady, but as they were in a hurry to send the presents they could not choose such a slow-moving creature as she to take them.

At last they chose an animal that was swift, yet gentle, but very, very timid. Can you guess what one it was? Yes, the rabbit. He would carry them quickly, yet gently, and not break or jar even the tiniest.

The rabbit, however, was afraid to go. He was afraid of the children—of the dogs—of everything.

"But," said Spring, "suppose you go early in the morning before it is light, when everything is asleep, and slip the eggs into the yards where the children live; would you be afraid to do that?"

"No," said the rabbit.

But now came another difficulty. How could the little rabbit carry them?

"I know! I know!" sang robin-red-breast, away up in a tree, and down he flew, and perching upon the shoulder of the little prince, he whispered something in his ear. What did he whisper, do you think? Can you guess?—Yes, he said, "Carry them in a bird's nest!"

"That is good," said Spring, "Which of you will weave the nest?"

Up came the old black crow. "I will!" he cawed, but all the birds and animals burst out laughing and said he would never do. "Why," said Spring, "isn't that careless bundle of sticks up in yonder tree your nest? Do you think such a fellow could weave a nest fit to hold such pretty eggs as these?"

The crow hung his head and stood aside while the noisy jay-bird in his blue and white suit came up, with his saucy cap cocked back on his head.

"Do you think you could weave the nest?"

"O, yes!" said he.

"Wasn't that your nest I saw in the ash tree with the dirty old pieces of rags and strings hanging from it, and the rough straws and sticks almost dropping off its sides? I am afraid your nest wouldn't be much better than the crow's," said Spring, shaking his head.

At length up came a little bird dressed in orange and black. She had been sitting on the highest branch of an elm tree near by, swinging in the nest that she had hung away out on the end of a limb. What bird do you think it was? The oriole. And do you know why her nest would do best of all? It is long, and deep, and strong; it swings in the wind, and never an egg spills out.

So the oriole was chosen to weave the nest.

Now the trees said that they would like to help, too, and they offered to give twigs for the nest, so that it would be strong and not break the load of eggs.

The cottonwood's twigs were so thick and short and snapped so easily that they would not do. The pine tree's twigs were so covered with sharp needles that they would not suit to make the nest, but the

elm's twigs were long and slender, but they did not bend easily enough.

At last, a tree that grew near the river's bank was found; its branches swept down to the water's edge, and so limber were they that with every breeze they swayed to and fro.

You know what tree it was, do you not?—Yes, the willow.

So the oriole wove the nest of the willow's twigs, and made it deep and long, with a piece to go around the rabbit's neck; and the sheep gave some of his wool to make a soft lining for the eggs to rest upon.

The rabbit started long before the sun was up, and he slipped into the yards and hid the pretty eggs, and away he ran before anybody saw him. Early that Easter morning the children found the beautiful colored eggs which the birds

had sent; and every Easter morning they still find the eggs. And so they know that the birds love them, and they love the birds in return.



THE CHILD AND THE FLOWER.

By Sarah M. Williams.

Little flower, growing there,
Do you hear me when I sing?
Do you see me when I smile?
Do you hear my words the while,
Or do breezes waft my thoughts
To your heart?

Little flower, if they do,
I must have them always sweet,
They must ne'er be frowns or tears,
That would mar the coming years,
Or would rob them of the love
They should have.

Little flower, sent of God
Help me now to live my life.
Teach me how to happy be;
How to hope and smile like thee.
"Live for others is the aim
You must keep."

Little flower, smiling sweet,
Do you know I'm sitting near?
Oh, your face I watch and see
Smiling sweetly up at me.
In that look there seems to come
Your reply.

Little flower, nodding gay
I can seem to hear your voice
And I think you answer me:
"Little child, yes, I can see,
I can hear and I can feel.
Smile always."

The Nuernberg Stove.

By Louise de la Rame.

It was very dark in the closed truck, which had only a little window above the door; and it was crowded, and had a strong smell in it from the Russian hides and the hams that were in it. But August was not frightened; he was close to Hirschvogel, and presently he meant to be closer still; for he meant to do nothing less than get inside Hirschvogel itself. Being a shrewd little boy, and having had, by great luck, two silver groschen in his breeches-pocket, which he had earned the day before by chopping wood, he had bought some bread and sausage at the station of a woman there who knew him, and who thought he was going out to his uncle Joachim's chalet above Jenbach. This he had with him, and this he ate in the darkness and the lumbering, pounding, thundering noise which made him giddy, as never had he been in a train of any kind before. Still he ate, having had no breakfast, and being a child, and half a German, and not knowing at all how or when he ever would eat again.

When he had eaten, not as much as he wanted, but as much as he thought was prudent (for who could say when he would be able to buy anything more?), he set to work like a little mouse to make a hole in the withes of straw and hay which enveloped the stove. If it had been put in a packing-case he would have been defeated at the onset. As it was, he gnawed, and nibbled and pulled, and pushed, just as a mouse would have done, making his hole where he guessed that the opening of the stove was,—the opening through which he had so

often thrust the big oak logs to feed it. No one disturbed him; the heavy train went lumbering on and on, and he saw nothing at all of the beautiful mountains, and shining waters, and great forests through which he was being carried. He was hard at work getting through the straw and hay and twisted ropes; and get through them at last he did, and found the door of the stove, which he knew so well, and which was quite large enough for a child of his age to slip through, and it was this which he had counted upon doing. Slip through he did, as he had often done at home for fun, and curled himself up there to see if he could anyhow remain during many hours. He found that he could; air came in through the brass fret-work of the stove; and with admirable caution in such a little fellow he leaned out, drew the hay and straw together, re-arranged the ropes, so that no one could ever have dreamed a little mouse had been at them. Then he curled himself up again, this time more like a dormouse than anything else; and, being safe inside his dear Hirschvogel and intensely cold, he went fast asleep as if he were in his own bed at home with Albrecht, and Christof on either side of him. The train lumbered on, stopped often and long, as the habit of goods-trains is, sweeping the snow away with its cow-switcher, and rumbling through the deep heart of the mountains, with its lamps aglow like the eyes of a dog in a night of frost.

The train rolled on in its heavy, slow fashion, and the child slept

soundly, for a long while. When he did awake, it was quite dark outside in the land; he could not see, and of course he was in absolute darkness; and for a while he was sorely frightened, and trembled terribly, and sobbed in a quiet hart-broken fashion, thinking of them all at home. Poor Dorothea! how anxious she would be! How she would run over the town and walk up to grandfather's at Dorf Ampas, and perhaps even send over to Jenbach, thinking he had taken refuge with Uncle Joachim! His conscience smote him for the sorrow he must be even then causing to his gentle sister; but it never occurred to him to try and go back. If he once were to lose sight of Hirschvogel how could he ever hope to find it again? how could he ever know whither it had gone,—north, south, east or west? The old neighbor had said that the world was small; but August knew at least that it must have a great many places in it: that he had seen himself on the maps on his school-house walls. Almost any other little boy would, I think, have been frightened out of his wits at the position in which he found himself; but August was brave, and he had a firm belief that God and Hirschvogel would take care of him. The master-potter of Nuernberg was always present to his mind, a kindly, benign, and gracious spirit, dwelling manifestly in that porcelain tower whereof he had been the maker.

A droll fancy, you say? But every child with a soul in him has quite as quaint fancies as this one was of August's.

So he got over his terror and his sobbing both, though he was so utterly in the dark. He did not feel cramped at all, because the stove

was so large, and air he had in plenty, as it came through the fret-work running round the top. He was hungry again, and again nibbled with prudence at his loaf and his sausage. He could not at all tell the hour. Every time the train stopped and he heard the banging stamping, shouting, and jangling of chains that went on, his heart seemed to jump up into his mouth. If they should find him out! Sometimes porters came and took away this case and the other, a sack here, a bale there, now a big bag, now a dead chamois. Every time the men trampled near him, and swore at each other, and banged this and that to and fro, he was so frightened that his very breath seemed to stop. When they came to lift the stove out, would they find him? and if they did find him, would they kill him? That was what he kept thinking of all the way, all through the dark hours, which seemed without end. The goods-trains are usually very slow, and are many days doing what a quick train does in a few hours. This one was quicker than most, because it was bearing goods to the King of Bavaria; still, it took all the short winter's day and the long winter's night and half another day to go over ground that the mail-trains cover in a forenoon. It passed great armored Kuffstein standing across the beautiful and solemn grove, denying the right of way to all the foes of Austria. It passed twelve hours later, after lying by in out-of-the-way stations, pretty Rosenheim, that marks the border of Bavaria. And here the Neurnberg stove, with August inside it, was lifted out heedfully and set under a covered way. When it was lifted out, the boy had hard work to keep in his screams; he was tossed to and fro as the men

lifted the huge thing, and the earthenware walls of his beloved fire-king were not cushions of down. However, though they swore and grumbled at the weight of it, they never suspected that a living child was inside it, and they carried it out on to the platform and set it down under the roof of the goods-shed. There it passed the rest of the night, and all the next morning, and August was all the while within it.

The winds of early winter sweep bitterly over Rosenheim, and all the vast Bavarian plain was one white sheet of snow. If there had not been whole armies of men at work always clearing the iron rails of the snow, no trains could ever have run at all. Happily for August, the thick wrappings in which the stove was enveloped and the stoutness of its own make screened him from the cold, of which, else, he must have died,—frozen. He had still some of his loaf, and a little—a very little—of his sausage. What he did begin to suffer from was thirst; and this frightened him almost more than anything else, for Dorothea had read aloud to them one night a story of the tortures some wrecked men had endured because they could not find any water but the salt sea. It was many hours since he had last taken a drink from the wooden spout of their old pump, which brought them the sparkling, ice-cold water of the hills.

But, fortunately for him, the stove, having been marked and registered as “fragile and valuable,” was not treated quite like a mere bale of goods, and the Rosenheim station-master, who knew its consignees, resolved to send it on by a passenger-train that would leave there at daybreak. And when this train went out, in it, among piles of

luggage belonging to other travelers, to Vienna, Prague, Buda-Pest, Salzburg, was August, still undiscovered, still doubled up like a mole in the winter under the grass. Those words, “fragile and valuable,” had made the men lift Hirsch-vogel gently and with care. He had begun to get used to his prison, and a little used to the incessant pounding and jumbling and rattling and shaking with which modern travel is always accompanied, though modern invention does deem itself so mightily clever. All in the dark he was, and he was terribly thirsty; but he kept feeling the earthenware sides of the Nuernberg giant and saying, softly, “Take care of me; oh, take care of me, dear Hirsch-vogel!”

He did not say, “Take me back;” for, now that he was fairly out in the world, he wished to see a little of it. He began to think that they must have been all over the world in all this time that the rolling and roaring and hissing and jangling had been about his ears; shut up in the dark, he began to remember all the tales that had been told in Yule round the fire at his grandfather’s good house at Dorf, of gnomes and elves and subterranean terrors, and the Erl King riding on the black horse at night, and—and—he began to sob and to tremble again, and this time did scream outright. But the steam was screaming itself so loudly that no one, had there been any one nigh, would have heard him; and in another minute or so the train stopped with a jar and a jerk, and he in his cage could hear men crying aloud, “Muenchen! Muenchen!”

Then he knew enough of geography to know that he was in the heart of Bavaria. He had had an uncle killed in the Bayerischenwald

by the Bavarian forest guards, when in the excitement of hunting a black bear he had overpassed the limits of the Tyrol frontier.

That fate of his kinsman, a gallant young chamois-hunter who had taught him to handle a trigger and load a muzzle, made the very name of Bavaria a terror to August.

"It is Bavaria! It is Bavaria!" he sobbed to the stove; but the stove said nothing to him; it had no fire in it. A stove can no more speak without fire than a man can see without light. Give it fire, and it will sing to you, tell tales to you, offer you in return all the sympathy you ask.

"It is Bavaria!" sobbed August; for it is always a name of dread augury to the Tyroleans, by reason of those bitter struggles and midnight shots and untimely deaths which come from those meetings of jager and hunter in the Bayerischenwald. But the train stopped; Munich was reached, and August, hot and cold by turns, and shaking like a little aspen-leaf, felt himself once more carried out on the shoulders of men, rolled along on a truck, and finally set down, where he knew not, only he knew he was thirsty,—so thirsty! If only he could have reached his hand out and scooped up a little snow!

He thought he had been moved on this truck many miles, but in truth the stove had been only taken from the railway station to a shop in the Marienplatz. Fortunately, the stove was always set upright on its four gilded feet, an injunction to that effect having been affixed to its written label, and on its gilded feet it stood now in the small dark curiosity-shop of one Hans Rhilfer.

"I shall not unpack it till Anton comes," he heard a man's voice say;

and then he heard a key grate in a lock, and by the unbroken stillness that ensued he concluded he was alone, and ventured to peep through the straw and hay. What he saw was a small square room filled with pots and pans, pictures, carvings, old blue jugs, old steel armor-shields, daggers, Chinese idols, Vienna china, Turkish rugs, and all the art lumber and fabricated rubbish of a *bric-a-brac* dealer's. It seemed a wonderful place to him; but, oh! was there one drop of water in it all? That was his single thought; for his tongue was parching, and his throat felt on fire, and his chest began to be dry and choked, as with dust. There was not a drop of water, but there was a lattice window grated, and beyond the window was a wide stone ledge covered with snow. August cast one look at the locked door, darted out of his hiding-place, ran and opened the window, crammed the snow into his mouth again and again, and then flew back into the stove, drew the hay and straw over the place he entered by, tied the cords, and shut the brass door down on himself. He had brought some big icicles in with him, and by them his thirst was finally, if only temporarily, quenched. Then he sat still in the bottom of the stove, listening intently, wide awake, and once more recovering his natural boldness.

The thought of Dorothea kept nipping his heart and his conscience with a hard squeeze now and then; but he thought to himself, "If I can take her back Hirschvogel, then how pleased she will be, and how little 'Gilda will clap her hands!' He was not at all selfish in his love for Hirschvogel: he wanted it for them all at home quite as much as for himself. There was at the bot-

tom' of his mind a kind of ache of shame that his father—his own father—should have stripped their hearth and sold their honor thus.

A robin had been perched upon a stone griffin sculptured on a house-eave near. August had felt for the crumbs of his loaf in his pocket, and had thrown them to the little bird sitting so easily on the frozen snow.

In the darkness where he was he now heard a little song, made faint by the stove-wall and the window-glass that was between him and it, but still distinct and exquisitely sweet. It was the robin, singing

after feeding on the crumbs. August, as he heard, burst into tears. He thought of Dorothea who, every morning threw out some grain or some bread on the snow before the church. "What use is it going there," she said, "if we forget the sweetest creatures God has made?" Poor Dorothea! Poor, good, tender, much-burdened little soul! He thought of her till his tears ran like rain.

Yet it never once occurred to him to dream of going home. Hirschvogel was here.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

R E U N I O N.

T. L. Townshend.

*Our Sabbath Schools in bright array
Give glory to these latter-days,
For this reunion here today
In songs of joy we give our praise.*

Chorus.

*The gospel light is shining bright;
The truth is freely given,
Each Sabbath day we learn the way
To gain a home in heaven.*

*Here meet the honored teachers dear;
Here come the hope of Zion's youth,—
In search of heaven's words of cheer
The Holy Spirit's gems of truth.*

*With bread of life the Savior feeds
All who obey the gospel's plan,
Truth leads to faith and faith to deeds
That make immortal ev'ry man.*

Household Decoration.

By Rose Homer Widtsoe.

IV.

THE HALL AND STAIRWAY.

As we have said in a previous article, "the predominant *use* of each room gives the clue to the best rules of treatment in decoration and furniture." For instance the hall is the intermediate space between the indoors and out doors, and is used as the common thoroughfare by all members of the family. These considerations make it necessary to finish it with material that will stand considerable hard usage, and at the same time to use such care in the selection of color in wall hangings and floor coverings and suitable furniture as will give a pleasing and hospitable effect and will at the same time be suggestive of whatever inner plainness or luxury there may be in the house.

The first consideration in selecting color is the amount of light the hall contains. A hall without windows and dependent upon the small amount of light admitted through the glass door, will need a light treatment. Some shade of yellow for the walls, lighter or darker according to the amount of light, answers the purpose very well. Where the hall is lighter, perhaps there is no color that has a more pleasing effect at the entrance than red in its different shades. Select certain reds that contain sufficient yellow to harmonize with the natural finish of the wood-work and the yellow rays of sunlight. In certain stronger and deeper tones it is a strong and pleasing contrast to the green of the grass and trees. If blue or green are chosen only the warmer tones are advisable.

In selecting the paper the design should be chosen with regard to the size of the hall. In an ordinary sized hall a close-set conventional design in two tones is always a safe choice, providing the right color is selected. When the ceiling is low striped papers add depth. When striped papers are used the perpendicular lines should not be cut off by a wainscot. Striped paper should be in two tones of one color. Where the ceilings are very high, a dado and wide border tend to reduce the depth.

A large hall may successfully carry a paper with a large design. If the walls are going to be decorated with pictures the paper should be plain or of a small close-set design. Otherwise the design may be larger and more conspicuous. Wherever a dado or wainscot would look well it should be used as a protection to the walls. Usually the lower part of the hall walls are subjected to rough usage and the paper becomes shabby while the paper above is in good condition. The dado may be of extra heavy paper, buckram, demins; or it may be renewed from time to time with little expense.

The most sanitary treatment for the floor of the hall is hard wood, laid with good durable rugs. These rugs should be so small that they can be taken out of doors once a week and dusted. When small rugs are laid on the floor their position should follow the lines facing the entrance. Usually rugs of a rather dark subdued color are preferable. It is more restful and better taste to have inconspicuous geomet-

rical designs rather than floral designs.

In deciding upon the furniture for the hall we must take into consideration the nature of the hall, its size and the purpose which it is to serve. If it serves simply as an entrance little else is required after we have selected the wall and floor coverings. Instead of the cumbersome combination hall seat, umbrella holder and hat rack, a plain, substantial hall seat and a separate mirror may be used. They are more artistic and can be easily moved when sweeping and dusting day comes around. An umbrella holder, of which there are many styles, may be placed near the door.

A small table holding a card tray may be placed near the front door, and a chair or bench is needed. A reliable clock placed in the hall fulfills an all-round service for the house, as we are constantly passing through this part of the house. Especially is the clock a comfort to the one who chances to be waiting in the hall. The long-cased, or grandfather's, clock is a constant delight. A cuckoo clock is also very attractive and has the advantage of not needing a shelf. It is especially interesting to children because of the little bird that appears and calls out the hours. A palm or a pot of blooming flowers set in a jardiniere gives a homelike touch to the entrance way.

Curtains for the hall should be of the sheerest material so as not to keep out the light. In rented houses or when we cannot afford anything more elaborate, a plain panel of bobbinet with a design worked in it, or plain bobbinet gathered at the top and bottom may be fastened up by means of small brass rods. A shade on a roller or an over curtain of silk may be used to draw at

night. With dark woodwork the panel looks better of ecru color; if woodwork is white, cream color, or white should be used.

If the hall is large and is to be used for a reception hall the treatment would be different. Because of the situation it should be fitted up with good furnishings. A more orderly, dignified arrangement is necessary than for a living room.

The selection of the color scheme is peculiarly dependent upon the shape, size and amount of light. The same suggestions that were offered for the entrance hall may be used for the living hall.

The floor covering, too, should be selected with regard to the same principles as for the less pretentious entrance hall. Even in the large hall small rugs are preferable as they can be easily cleaned.

The wall paper may be of a finer quality. Plain papers of a good color and quality with a heavier material such as buckram, crash, burlap, grass cloth or Japanese leather papers, used for the dado, make a very attractive wall covering. If there is no vestibule preceding the entrance to the living hall, a corner near the front door may be arranged for laying aside wraps, umbrella and overshoes.

The furniture of the hall should not be fantastic. Impossible twists in the supports of tables and chairs are more objectionable in this room than elsewhere. Simple, but strong, well built furniture, is desirable. Chairs, tables and seats of various styles are needed.

Sometimes a piano is placed in the living hall. This may be objectionable because of the interruptions incident to the entrance way. A fire place is also a cheerful addition, but if used it is necessary to screen it

from draughts from the door in cold weather.

Pictures should enter very largely into the decoration of the living hall, as they seem to perform their full purpose of existence more completely there than in any other part of the house. For instance, pictures in the dining room are secondary, as the mind is filled with the first and natural purpose of the room; but in the living hall we are at our leisure and our minds are in a receptive mood. We look at the picture and study its details. "Pictures hung in the hall are full of suggestion of wider mental and physical life, and, like books, are indications of the

tastes and experiences of the family."

The stair carpet should be carefully selected. The color of the carpet should harmonize with the color scheme of the hall, or a contrasting color will produce a good effect.

The stairs are a great source of annoyance if left uncarpeted, because they are conductors of sound to all parts of the house. Another reason is that they furnish a safer footing for children and elderly people.

To soften the tread and prevent the carpeting from wearing on the edges of the step a thick pad is laid next the floor.

Virginia May.

By L. L. Greene Richards.

*Little Virginia May,
Seven years old today.
Love's kindly eyes behold,
Love's tender arms enfold,
Guarding, and chasing all troubles away.*

*Precious Virginia May,
Though the skies clothe in gray,
Raining in silence calm teardrops from
Heaven;
As sign that some clouds and strife
Must shadow every life—
Still may the light of love
Smile on you from above,
Chasing all doubts and fears,*

*Through all your future years,
Much as it does today,
When you are seven.*

*See! at the close of day,
Nature's soft robe of gray
She changes for white.
May your life's record show
Pure as the falling snow,
Never the blot of sin
Enter its pages in,
Nor yet the voice of wrong
Hush your sweet, cheery song.
Happy Virginia May,
Bless you! Good night.*

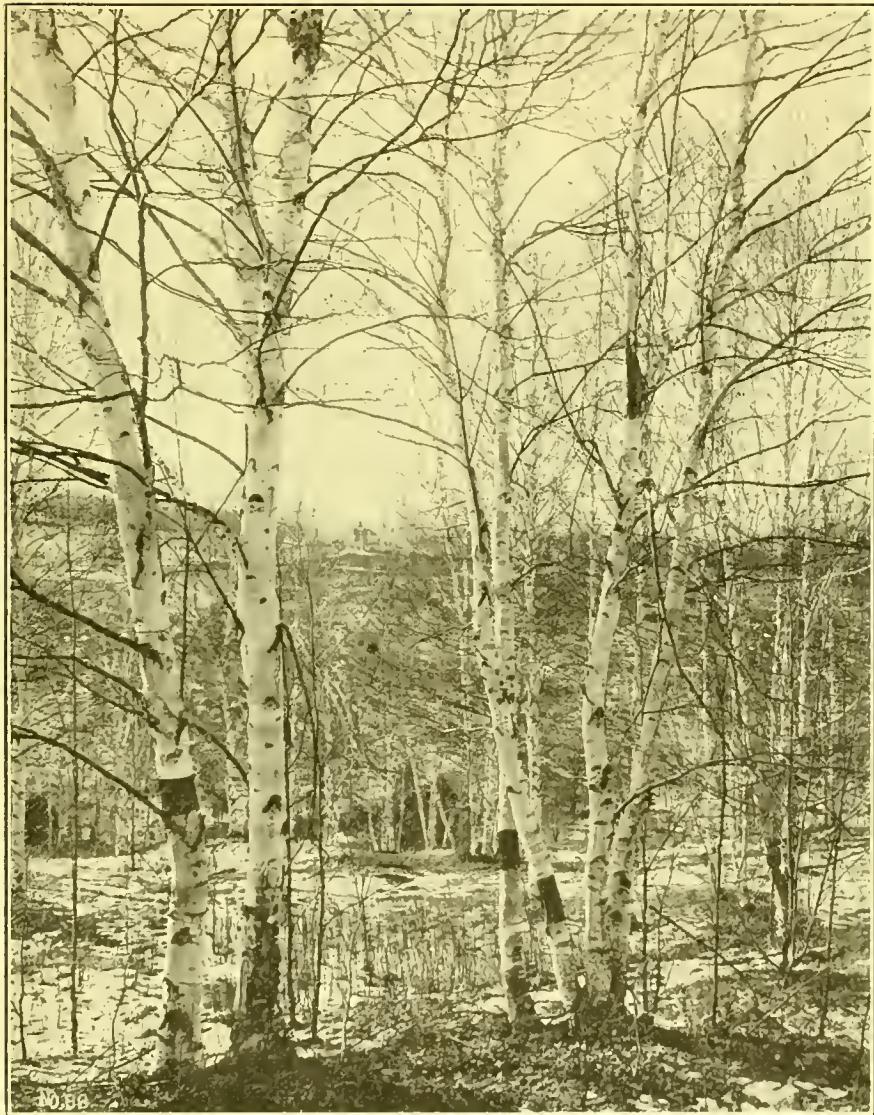


Photo by Geo. E. Anderson.

THE PROPHET'S BIRCH-PLAGE.

Joseph Smith was born in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, on the twenty-third day of December, in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont.

Home Sanitation.

By Rose Homer Widtsoe.

IV.

THE SITE OF A HOUSE.

The chief function of clothing is to protect the body from cold by keeping a fairly constant temperature around the skin. Clothing is of the least importance in the tropics, because little or no clothing is worn. On the other hand the frigid explorers are able to withstand a temperature of 70 degrees below zero, because of the nature of the clothing they wear. The house, too, is a kind of outer clothing, or protective shell, usually designed not for a single individual but for a *family*; or, as in the case of tenement houses or hotels, for many families.

Savages and the lower races of men content themselves with caves, trees and other ready-made shelters, or with huts, hovels, wigwams and similar poor and primitive dwellings. Civilized man demands something better. He builds carefully-planned houses, and sometimes *elaborate* houses with all the modern conveniences of heating, lighting, ventilating and plumbing. Many families cannot build their own dwellings, but have to take what they can get. But usually there is a choice, and if we understand what sanitary conditions are, we may make an intelligent choice.

The first point of importance in the selection of a home, whether it be in the city or in the country, is the site. In times gone by this was often determined more by necessity, taste, or convenience, than by hygienic considerations. But the time is past when these considerations can be neglected. Today it is

impossible to rent an unsanitary house to one who understands even a few of the dangers that are associated with unsanitary conditions.

In general we may say that a dwelling should be so situated as to afford good air, good light, good drainage and good neighbors. In addition to these we would like beautiful surroundings as these also have an effect for good upon the individual. A certain seclusion or privacy is also desirable. A quiet, retired, and restful home, removed from the publicity and noise of the crowded districts, is soothing to tired nerves as well as conducive to normal and wholesome family life.

When possible the house should be placed upon *open, porous or gravelly soil*, because such soil is less likely to be damp and is more easily and cheaply drained. Often-times in selecting a site for a farm house we select a natural knoll, a nook at the edge of a wood, or the shelter of a spreading tree, positively without regard to the nature of the soil. Perhaps this fascinating tree may have been a huge willow tree that in itself ought to have been enough to condemn the place, because where willows grow spontaneously the soil is so damp that the place will continually be clothed with a cold vapor. Perhaps the house may be placed under cover of a hill for warmth. But would it not be better to place it upon the hill because of the better drainage, and then protect it from the wind by a belt of trees so placed as to ward off the prevailing strong winds?

Perhaps we do not fully appreciate the dangers of damp soil. During the last thirty years this question has been universally considered

with alarming results. An example is given of two young brothers who, when young men, built houses not more than sixty rods apart. One built a modern house on a slightly elevated sandy soil—the house was not shaded, but received the sunshine freely throughout the day. In this he has reared a family of twelve children, eleven of whom are now living, the youngest being about thirty years of age. A part of the family still occupy the house, and no case of consumption has ever occurred in the house. The other brother built a brick house on a spot which was slightly lower and was not so dry. Here he reared eleven children and has occupied the house probably forty years. The house is considerably shaded on the south front. Within the last twenty years there have occurred, in this family, nine cases of consumption. Both of these houses front to the south, and are exposed to the northwest winds. Consumption has never before appeared in the family of the father or mother. A brick house built on a damp soil, without any regard to the dampness, is a danger, because of the power of the bricks to absorb and retain water, and, by its evaporation, to chill the air. Houses built upon dry sub-soil and exposed to sunshine are the most healthful places in which to live. If a damp site must be used see to it that it is properly drained.

We should also remember that the soil contains a considerable amount of air, and if there is any decaying animal or vegetable matter in the soil the poisonous gases will be carried with the air up into the house. "If anyone doubts that what is beneath the house will not penetrate upward through floors, ceilings and all parts of it, let him close the cellar doors and windows

and boil a kettle of onions or unstopper a flask of ether in it, and, then go to the attic and there he will detect the odors." The damp, unclean soil is dangerous because it furnishes a brooding place for the dangerous disease producing germs that are so fatal. Dryness and sunshine are deadly enemies to these micro-organisms.

Good air is to be sought for in a clean neighborhood, a clean, dry cellar and a free circulation. See to it that the circulation is not interfered with by too many surrounding buildings or by too many trees. In cities, the condition of the neighbors' cellars and surroundings should be investigated before deciding on a location. Elevation is always an aid in securing these sanitary conditions.

Living in cellars or basements is very objectionable, and has long since been forbidden by law in England. The air is very apt to be damp, and healthy conditions cannot be maintained without the aid of sunshine. Undue dampness in air is believed to favor rheumatism, consumption, chronic colds and many other disorders.

Good light, and if possible, abundant sunshine are hygienic conditions of considerable importance. How hard it is for one to be cheerful and happy in a dark, dingy room. Light and sunshine are powerful aids in producing cheerfulness and happiness as well as powerful sanitary agents. Sunshine tends to remove dampness and to destroy the germs of infectious diseases. In winter sunshine is also valuable for the warmth it gives. Let us not smother our houses with vines and trees and thus keep out the life-giving elements. Let us have trees but far enough from the house to permit the entrance of sunshine.

Their Faith was Rewarded.

By J. D. Cummings.

"O, dear, my tooth aches!" cried little Willie D. one cold winter day.

The ground was covered to a depth of about eight inches with snow, and in almost every direction could be heard the merry jingle of sleigh bells. Every boy who had a sled was using it coasting on the hill side, or "hitching on" to passing sleighs or other conveyances. It was cold on the hands and feet of those who did not move about steadily, so there was no lounging about the street corners.

Willie had played in the snow until his feet were wet and, as he had some very bad teeth, they were affected by the exposure. He went into the house to get something to relieve the terrible pain. He remembered having heard someone say that if carbolic acid were applied to the exposed nerve of a tooth it would kill the nerve and stop the aching. Now carbolic acid is a deadly poison, and Willie had been told of its terrible effects if taken into the stomach or applied to the skin or flesh. He had been told that it would kill a person very quickly. He hardly knew what to do; but finally, when the pain in his tooth grew so bad that he could endure it no longer, he told his mother he would like to try the carbolic acid in it. In her sympathy for him she told him that he might dip a toothpick into the acid and touch it to the nerve of his tooth. He set the bottle on the window-sill and dipped a tooth-pick into it; then he stepped to the mirror near by to enable him to see just where to place the toothpick.

He had scarcely moved from the window when his little brother, Claddie, two years of age, came running into the room, and rushed to the window, where the bottle sat. As quick as thought he picked it up and before Willie could prevent it he had swallowed some of the poison.

"Claddie has swallowed some of that stuff!" screamed Willie, as he snatched the bottle from his little brother's hand.

Upon hearing the terrible announcement, Mrs. D. and Willie's grandma, who were in an adjoining room, rushed in and caught the little sufferer up and poured some cream, which they were just about to use in cooking, down poor little Claddie's throat, hoping to stop the burning of the acid in the little one's throat and stomach. They then got the consecrated oil and tried to get some of that into his throat, but he was now unable to swallow or to recognize those around him.

"Run for your pa!" cried Mrs. D. to Willie.

Mr. D. had been seen by the neighbors to go to the coal yard two miles distant, and they had not seen him return. Willie ran as hard as he could through the cold, frosty air, not caring for the great pain it caused his lungs. His hard breathing could be heard by the people living along the street long before he reached them, and they wondered what could be the matter. On he ran until he reached the coal yard, only to find that his father had left some time before. He hardly knew

what to do. He felt that he was the cause of the dreadful accident which had happened to his little brother, because he had left the bottle sitting in the window while he went to the mirror to place the acid in his tooth. It was a terrible thought.

In the meantime Mr. D. happened to come out of his store to speak to a customer who sat in his wagon in front of the building, and was seen by a young lady who boarded at Mr. D.'s house. She called to him to hurry home, as Claddie had drunk some carbolic acid. With all the speed possible, Mr. D. ran to his home, which was a block away, and as he entered the door his wife cried, "Administer to him!" The father did so at once, although Sister Jones, a neighbor who had come in to render what assistance she could, said, "He is dead."

But the parents and grandmother of the little child had faith that the

Lord would hear and answer the prayer offered in administering to the sick, for they had seen the manifestations of His goodness on such occasions before and did not doubt but that He would grant their desires, though the child seemed to be dead. And indeed, as soon as his father had finished administering to him he opened his eyes and smiled and began to breathe naturally.

Mr. Payne, a neighbor who did not belong to the Church, was present, and when he saw the little boy open his eyes and smile, and noticed his easy breathing, said, "That child has been raised from the dead."

And when Willie returned from the coal yard, Claddie was sitting on the carpet playing with his toys. He could not speak aloud, for his throat was burned so terribly that it took several days for it to become well enough so he could talk naturally again.

The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month which is called April.

Doctrine and Covenants 20: 1.

Little Stories.

An Intelligent Dog.

By Celia.

One time Mr. A. went to the town of L and bought a thoroughbred puppy. On the way home he put it on the seat of the buggy beside him that he might pet it a little, so the little fellow wouldn't become homesick. He evidently enjoyed the ride, for the next time Mr. A. hitched up the buggy and took his seat, doggy jumped up and took his place beside him.

Bruno loved company and soon learned the art of entertaining. One time a friend came to stop over night with us. He had a dog of which Bruno seemed to be very fond. After breakfast next morning we took out a plate of scraps for the dogs, but on looking out after a while we saw the visiting dog eating, and Bruno looking wistfully on. We took out another plate of scraps, and called Bruno to one side with the intention of watching to see that Bruno had "fair play." Imagine our surprise when Bruno trotted over to the visitor—who had by this time finished his first course—and said as plainly as a dog can say, "She has come with the dessert, come and share it with me." The two dogs then ate the second plateful together in a really genial way.

Our neighbor had a snarly little dog that tried to pick a quarrel with Bruno every time we passed that way. Bruno paid very little attention to him for a long time; but at last he got tired of the continual banter. One day, as we passed, out came the little dog as usual growling. Bruno gave one bound, grabbed the dog, threw him on the ground and sat down on

him, and held him there for fully five minutes. He then released him and said something to him in dog language, which might have been, "Does that satisfy you?" And it surely did, for he never troubled us again.

The Kind Violin Player.

A poor old blind soldier used to earn a scanty living by playing his violin every night in one of the public gardens in Vienna. His little dog sat beside him, holding his master's hat for the few coppers that passers-by occasionally dropped in. One night the old man was in trouble. No one stopped to listen to his music, and he had not received a single coin that day. Hungry and weary and grieved, the poor old soldier at last sat down and wept. A stranger seeing his distress, came up to him put a coin in the hat, and said kindly, "Lend me your violin, and I will play while you collect." He tuned the violin carefully, and then played so magnificently that a great crowd gathered to listen. The hat quickly filled, not with coppers only, but with silver, too. The stranger who so nobly thus came to the help of a poor broken-down soldier, was one of the finest violin players in the world. The old man wept tears of joy as he blessed his benefactor, and the crowd enthusiastically cheered him for his kindness as he walked away.

A Camp Pet.

The most interesting pet of the Sierra Madre camp was a baby bruin, captured at the time the mother

was shot. Upon arrival of this little captive silvertip in camp, the assembled campers witnessed a pathetic incident that spoke as plainly as words of love that passeth understanding, even among wild animals. The hunter who had killed the mother rode in with the skin of the old bear athwart his horse's back. At the skin the cub bear took one sniff, then leaped upon it, clawed it, licked it, emitting the while cries of joy which soon turned to howls of grief. Mother was recognized, why did she not respond to baby's overtures? Thereafter the cub was happy only when sitting in some hunter's lap or while being cuddled like a child.

A Mouse Story.

The field mice had left their summer home among the grain stalks and had made for themselves a

warm little house under the ground

Strange to say, they had no pantry in their house, but each little mouse had his own store safely hidden away under some log or stone, near by.

One frosty moonlight night Skip said, "Mother, I think I'll run over to my store and get a nice grain of wheat. I'm so hungry!"

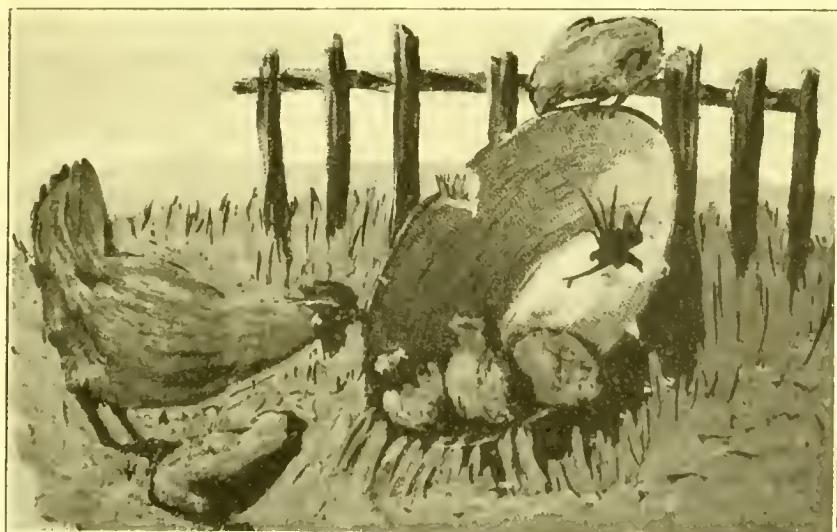
"No, Skip," said Mother Mouse. "You must not go out at night. Have I not told you many times how the red owl comes out at night? With his great round eyes he will see you and may carry you away to his hole."

"I'm not afraid!" said Skip. "I'll just run over and back again before that old owl can wink."

And away he went.

Soon Mother Mouse heard the "Hoo!" "Hoo!" of the great red owl.

But poor little Skip never came back to the snug little home in the ground.



AN EASTER CARD.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - APRIL, 1908

"Christ is Risen."

Easter is undoubtedly the principal feast of the Christian era. It is the festival of the resurrection of the Christ. It commemorates the triumph of the atoning sacrifice and recalls to man the patient and long-suffering love of the Man of Sorrows, by which salvation is made sure, and exalted eternal life possible. The whole ministry of Messiah was a ministry of love; but as the lilies of the field live but to burst into flower and scatter their seeds over the earth, so Messiah's

loving ministry had for its end the conquest of death and the redemption of man.

Easter—the festival of the glorious resurrection—has been observed from earliest times with solemnity. Anciently it was one of the special days on which the ordinance of baptism was administered. On Easter day the faithful greeted each other with a kiss and the salutation, "Christ is risen," to which was given the response, "He is risen indeed." Even today, this custom is still observed in Russia.

The various popular observances of Easter are innumerable. We still retain the custom of coloring eggs, and sending gifts of Easter eggs. Eggs were the symbol of resurrection in pre-Christian mythology. The custom is therefore very old. Indeed, it is probable that in this, as in other things, the Christian church has adopted and consecrated an older heathen custom. In certain French cathedrals during mediæval times, a solemn game of ball was played by bishops, canons and other dignitaries on Easter day. And in other places the day was celebrated by the performance of grave and rhythmical dances. Thus, in various ways and at all times, the day has been sacred amongst Christians. And whatever the manner of observing the festival, the purpose has been always one and the same—the expression of joy in the resurrection.

But this purpose—the expression of joy in the resurrection—has been very largely lost sight of by most of those who live in the present generation. Our children often learn to look upon the day merely as a

day of fantastically colored eggs. And sometimes boys even think that this day, above all other days, are they especially to rob the nests of the robin and the blue-bird, the canary, the jay, the meadow-lark, and all the rest of the feathered world.

What, then, becomes the duty of the Sunday School? To teach aright the life of the Christ; to point out the single purpose of His life of sacrifice; to inspire joy in His resurrection; and to encourage a suitable expression of joy in that resurrection. In short, we should be made to feel that this—the Easter day—is the day of days. On this day Jesus finished indeed His atoning work on earth, and proved Himself worthy of His Father's trust. On this day we should be so full of love of the world and joy in the new-found life that, like the faithful of old, we could not refrain from the fervent exclamation:

"Christ is risen!"
"He is risen indeed!"

Our Young Folks.

Possibly there are some readers of the JUVENILE who think that the department formerly called "Our Young Folks" has been entirely destroyed, and are therefore regretting the destruction. Now, we should like to set right anyone who thinks the JUVENILE is any less for the young folks than it used to be. Indeed, we hope that it is a better magazine for the young than it ever was before.

Reference to the old numbers of the JUVENILE and comparison of those numbers with the current numbers will show that there is as much real juvenile matter in the magazine now as before; and usually that matter is a selection, from

month to month, of what is suitable for the month. However, the present policy of the magazine will not permit of a separate heading as formerly for the Young Folks' Department. But the department is there, if anything, stronger than ever.

Only one feature of the old "Young Folks' Department" has been left out—the Letter-box. We are crowded for room in which to place more valuable material, so we have thought it best not to continue the Letter-box as a regular feature. Probably very few will miss the Letter-box. At the same time, however, we shall continue to publish from time to time such letters as seem to be of especial interest and importance. In the February number, for example, are two letters of unusual interest.

Let it not be supposed, then, that the JUVENILE is no longer a young folks' paper. It is more so now than ever before.

Through the kindness of Fisher, Landler & Schwarz, we are permitted to copy on the cover of this number, J. G. Brown's famous painting, "Left His Money on the Piano." We appreciate the courtesy very much as we know our readers will.

Parents and teachers of parents' class will find N. N. Riddell's little book, "Child Culture," of considerable interest and value in their work. Members of the General Board have examined the book and feel that they can recommend it to Sunday School workers. Child culture is treated from the viewpoint of physiological, psychological and mental suggestion. The book sells for sixty cents at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

A Mormon Sunday School in Sapporo, Japan.

By Justus B. Seely.

The Sapporo Sunday School was opened Oct. 8, 1905, under the direction of Elder John W. Stoker of Lehi, Utah, with twenty-seven pupils present. Elders John L. Chadwick of North Ogden and Justus B. Seely of Ephraim, Utah, were with Elder Stoker, but they were unable to speak Japanese, so the responsibility rested upon the one elder. God has blessed the efforts of the elders and the Sunday School has grown very rapidly.

At first all the children, large and small, met in one class, and studied the same lesson, but when more help came the class was divided into two.

Elder John H. Roskelley of Smithfield, Utah, and Brother Kawanaka (the first convert in this city) were chosen as teachers of the Primary department. Elders J. Preston Cutler and Justus B. Seely took charge of the Second Intermediate department.

President Alma O. Taylor paid us a visit last October and told us that we had one of the finest Sunday Schools in all Japan, but advised us to make a special effort to capture more boys as there were very few male pupils in our school at that time. We took counsel with Brother Kawanaka and a few of our friends and decided to organize a boys' class. Our little boys and girls at home would think it very funny if they could not play



SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

together, but little Japanese boys and girls are deprived of this privilege. After the boys' class was organized it grew very rapidly, and is now doing splendid work. Elder Cutler and Brother Sakuma (second convert in Sapporo) are teaching this class. This arrangement left the second intermediate department with one teacher, so Elder Moroni S. Marriott, Jr., of Ogden, Utah, was chosen to assist Elder Seely.

A Brother Sato, who was baptized January 15th of this year assists us very much.

Our Sunday School commences at nine o'clock a. m. How would the little boys and girls in Zion like to get up and go to Sunday School so early? Some of the children here must get very cold on their way to Sunday School, in winter, but they would not be late or miss their class for any price.

Probably a few figures showing what we did last year would be of interest to some of the readers at home. There were twenty-four male and fifty female pupils, making a total of seventy-four. Sunday School was held fifty-one times during the year, and the average attendance was fifty-one per cent. Notwithstanding only one of the children attending the Sunday School has Latter-day Saint parents one hundred and ninety-six per cent of the "Nickle Fund" was paid.

Superintendents' Department.

"HOW TO INCREASE OUR ATTENDANCE AND PROMOTE A LIVELIER INTEREST IN OUR UNION MEETINGS.

By J. H. Coombs.

Attendance deserves our first consideration, because the interest



BOYS' CLASS.



PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

in subject matter cannot possibly be secured until after we have succeeded in getting practically every officer and teacher to attend regularly. The attendance must be regular; not spasmodic. Being present one month and absent the following month will not secure excellent results. The motto of every school should be "100 percent in attendance at Union Meeting all the time." Attendance at this gathering is almost as necessary as is attendance at Sunday School and should be so regarded. We should look upon it as a privilege not to be lightly considered. Devotion to the Sunday School cause, with a heartfelt desire to serve its interests in the best possible way is needed; in order that attendance may be secured commensurate with the importance of Sunday School Union work. A teacher, who does not attend regularly, fails to make the best use of her opportunities—she certainly

lacks somewhat in her devotion to the cause of true Sunday School work. Taking it for granted now that regular attendance is essential, let us try to determine how it may be secured.

To this end the following suggestions are offered:

1st. Stake Board Members:

The fact that every member of the Stake Board, without exception, should be present at every Union Meeting will not be disputed by any person. Sickness alone must be considered as the only legitimate excuse for absence so far as Board Members are concerned.

2nd. Ward Superintendents:

The Superintendents of the different schools, together with their Assistants, should feel that their presence at Union Meeting is absolutely necessary. They should teach by precept and by example; both are necessary. Rarely will the teachers attend unless they feel sure

that they will find their Superintendent and his Assistants present also. Active work on the part of the Superintendent will always bring results.

3rd. Teachers:

Are teachers under the same obligations in regard to Union Meeting? I think so. Possibly their obligations are better understood by the teachers themselves. Too much importance cannot be attached to the position of teacher. Her opportunities for good and for evil are many. The teachers should feel that the Union Meeting is conducted almost entirely for them. It is here that we all meet on a common level to discuss problems which pertain to all phases of Sunday School work. The greatest obstacle in the way of a teacher's success in her work is lack of preparation on her part. If she is interested in the work of the Union to the extent of being present regularly and taking an active part, she will add interest to her teaching; she will also seek many sources of information. The desire on the part of the teacher to know her lesson well will inspire that desire in the hearts of the boys and girls. Her efforts will lead to greater power and fuller knowledge. If the teacher sees clearly, her children will be keen in observation. The fuller her appreciation of the subject, the greater the inspiration which she will give to her class; the more faithful and loyal her efforts, the more certain her success. The successful exercise is the one with which the teacher is thoroughly familiar; the definiteness of her preparation depends upon her knowledge of the subject. The Union Meeting furnishes the opportunity for thorough and successful preparation. When the teachers themselves conclude that

it is necessary for them to attend every month, then, and not until then, will we secure the attendance necessary to accomplish successful and systematic work. Indeed the attendance of Board Members and Superintendents is not as necessary as is the attendance of teachers.

The best way to make Union Meeting more interesting is to make it possible for more work to be accomplished. Interest will increase if teachers succeed in making better preparation. The lesson work is important—it deserves first consideration. The Union Meeting is designed as a place where subject matter pertaining to lessons may be discussed by all. The teachers must make preparation in advance because, if they come unprepared, the Board Members cannot create any great amount of interest in the subject. The responsibility rests upon all of us. Let each of us take a proper conception of our own duty; let us support each other; and let us make the best of our opportunities.

Again let us bear in mind the fact that the Union Meeting is designed for the purpose of accomplishing work. Entertainment in the nature of vocal selections, instrumental music, and addresses have no place in the Sunday School Union Meeting. Interest will decrease in proportion to the time given to entertaining features. The major portion of the time should be given to Department work. Names of prominent visitors should be announced, but addresses, even short ones, should seldom, if ever, be delivered.

The Superintendency of a ward should be represented in the Superintendents' Department by one member. The other members of the Superintendency should visit the different departments in order

that they may come in close contact with their teachers and find out just what is being done. If they know in advance just what departments they are to visit they will have an opportunity to prepare upon the work. Such a plan will increase the interest in the work of the Union Meeting.

Parents' Class.

The reception of "Parent and Child" by supervisors and classes has been a source of satisfaction and encouragement. Already more than eight thousand copies have been distributed, and it is not unlikely that the book will go into its second edition before long.

After observing the use of the book in the Parents' Classes for a few months, we beg to submit the following suggestions:

First. The essays on the various topics in the course are designed to suggest to the supervisor and the class, lines of thought, and to indicate some of the things which may be written or said about the matters under discussion. It is not and was never intended that the essay should exhaust the subject, and that merely to read it would be all-sufficient. Let the reading of the essay be merely preparatory to individual thinking and investigation of the subject. If under certain circumstances it should be deemed wise to have all of the essay or any part of it read in the class let it not be read merely as a reading exercise and without comment, but let each suggestion in the essay receive comment, and be made a part of the discussion. Care should also be exercised to secure good readers—those who can clearly interpret to the class the thought of the essay. Make independent thinking the pri-

mary object; the outline and essay are only aids.

Second. Supervisors should always be so thoroughly familiar with the contents of the essay as to be able to point out those parts of it which should be discussed, and to direct the discussion. It is an element of weakness on the part of the supervisor to read the essay before the class, and though he may feel to be eguided by the suggestions of the essay, his observations and instructions will be far more effective if made in his own language, prompted by his careful preparation and thought on the subject under consideration.

Third. If you only discuss a single topic in a discussion do not dismiss until you suggest a method to make the discussion of actual, practical benefit in your home. The truths discussed in Parents' Classes are generally fairly well understood and need little or no proof, but the fact that these accepted truths are not adopted and applied in the home has given rise to the necessity of Parents' Classes. Let the application of the lesson never be lost sight of. It should be in the mind of the supervisor and kept in the mind of the members of the classes throughout the entire discussion. It is the paramount object of the lesson.

Fourth. For the purpose of securing a more thorough discussion of the truths in the lesson, and for the further purpose of making more certain practical application of such truths in the homes of the Parents, the General Board recommends that the classes do not attempt to finish one lesson each Sunday, and the privilege is granted to the classes to spend as much time as is reasonably necessary on each lesson to secure the object hereinbefore mentioned. By granting this permis-

sion it is not meant that the classes shall take license to unnecessarily drag out the lessons, or to introduce into them foreign and irrelevant material. It is wise to stop when the appetite for more is not wholly satisfied.

Second Intermediate Department.

"What do you feel to be the secret of Brother N's influence?" asked a young man of his companion as they walked down the street together. "He truly is a wonderful leader," responded the friend, and I believe much of his power comes from his way of making everybody think he is interested in him in particular." He seems to touch the lives of people with rare sympathy. What I am doing and what I am seems to be his prime concern while with me. The teacher who can make his pupils believe that he is interested in them in particular, is the teacher who will succeed in that larger and more desirable way.

The Sunday School teacher is the guardian of his boys and girls, whether in or out of school. Too many teachers are content to be mere lesson-givers. A well-prepared lesson that brings forth hearty response, they feel represents their whole duty. How ineffectual is the work of such a teacher, when compared with the work of a man or woman who feels that his pupils' lives are inseparably connected with his own.

The teacher who desires his boys and girls to be interested in him must be interested in them. Recognize them when you meet them on the street, for boys and girls like to be recognized. The writer remembers his Sunday School teacher, who always had time to shake hands with him on the streets; he felt that

his teacher's feelings were kindly towards him and such belief won his love and respect. Let us enter sympathetically into the home life of our pupils. Perhaps there is something missing that we may be able to give. Let us seek to become acquainted with their weaknesses and merits, and in all things seek to strengthen and encourage them.

I call to mind a sister who had a number of boys in her class who had the habit of congregating on the street corners at night. She talked to them of the evils that could likely follow such a pernicious habit, but to no avail. Then she tried to devise other forms of evening entertainment for them. She invited them to her home evenings, and taught them songs. They no longer haunted the street corners. Their teachers had developed in them higher ideals, and they were not satisfied to use their time as they had done before.

A prominent Sunday School worker once saw his boys playing cards and ordering intoxicating drinks. The boys were surprised when they found they were being watched, and tried at all times to avoid meeting this brother, for they were ashamed. One evening he came face to face with one of the boys, who tried to pass him without recognition. The worker, however, stopped the boy and talked to him in a corrective and friendly way. Instead of going to the saloon, where he was the night before, he turned and went home.

From a young man of thirty I narrate the following: I had two teachers in my youth. One attracted me much because he told very pleasant things in a very pleasant way. How he said things, rather than what he said, was what appealed to me. I felt in his presence

very much as I have since felt in the presence of a piece of sculpture. Later in life I had another teacher, whose mode of address was not attractive and I naturally made comparisons. This man gave me the glad hand on the street, and his words in time, expressed a warmth I had never felt in the words of the first teacher. One of the boys in the class came down with typhoid fever; this teacher did much towards nursing him back to health.

While on my mission I received a letter at Christmas time from my Sunday School teacher. His words stirred my soul to the depths and made me feel keenly the greatness of my calling.

One member of the class embodied what the others felt when he said, "Brother C. is the most eloquent exponent of Christ's love I have ever known. His life is a life of Christian-like love."

First Intermediate Department.

THE RECITATION.

The question of how the recitation should be given and how much home preparation should be required of pupils in this department are often asked. It is sometimes much easier to ask a question than to answer it. However, there are some essential conditions and principles for a successful recitation which will apply to work in the First Intermediate Department as well as elsewhere. We will present a few of them.

As preparation precedes the recitation let this phase be considered first. This grade includes pupils from 8 to 12 years of age—an age when physical activity is highest and mental activity is mostly concerned in gathering original precepts, seeing, feeling, handling

things, etc. The reflective or study period comes later. The story, at this age, has a great fascination, but when well told by the teacher it makes a clearer and stronger impression than when read by the pupil, because of the effort to read and the difficulty in translating the printed page into clear concepts.

Of course, children must learn to read understandingly sometime and this department may be the place to begin the work. It certainly is not the place to emphasize it. If much home preparation is required, I am sure the pupils will fail to do it, and thus get into careless habits of attending to what the teacher tells them. If the lesson consists of a simple story, or the assistance of most of the parents can be relied on, home preparation may be required and the recitation arranged accordingly; but where the children are left to their own unaided effort only a few of the older ones will do satisfactory work at home. Besides, the writer is sure from a long experience, that the average day-school of today exacts from pupils of this age far too much home preparation of lessons in which the pupils have little or no natural interest, but which they prepare simply to evade censure or to "pass" and get "promoted." The writer has seen many children who seem to have crowded out of their lives in this way much of the fun and joy that God surely designed children to experience, and he does not believe the substitution wise or profitable.

Under such conditions little home preparation should be required, but where the story can be read with the same interest and joy as when listened to, such pupils may be asked to prepare before hand.

The home preparation of the

teacher, on the other hand, should be thorough and complete, and include not only familiarity with the text and leading points in the Outline, but enriched by a goodly number of apt illustrations chosen from experiences within the child's field of thought.

In case the class can and *does* prepare the lesson at home the recitation may consist largely of wisely formed and carefully distributed questions, designed to make all think and speak or express their thoughts on the lesson. The amount and quality of this activity determines the value of the recitation. In the fourth year work where the pupils are about 11 or 12 years of age, this method could be used to quite an extent, but when the children are younger the story-telling method will succeed much better.

Good story-telling is quite an art. The characters and incidents of the story should be similar to those with which the children are familiar. The language used should be within the limits of their vocabulary. The comparisons, figures of speech, and illustrations should likewise, be chosen from those familiar to children.

To insure that the children's minds are following the thread of the story their aid may be involved in the telling of it if the teacher will pause just before a climax and ask, "What do you think happened next?" or "What do you think — did then?" when the preceding events act as causes to a natural effect, which the children can see would likely follow.

Even story-telling should not be wholly a pouring in process. It should be a thought-arousing process, and as the events are told in their proper sequence the class should be led to relate them in the order of cause and effect or other-

wise, as the case may require. In other words the child should be induced to do some original thinking, if ever so little, in connection with the story.

If the story is told without pause from start to finish—which it may be well to do at times—a good review of it should follow. This will impress the story by making the pupils express the leading features of it. Expression strengthens impression. Our young missionaries get a knowledge of the Gospel when they begin to preach it. Knowledge, to be complete, needs to be both taken in and given out; therefore whatever be the method used, each pupil should have some opportunity to say something about the lesson.

To insure original thinking on the part of the pupils every little detail of the story should not be given by the teacher; leave something for the mind of the class to fill in by its own activity. Even the moral should not always be pointed out, lest the children's minds never acquire the power to draw a lesson from a story or occurrence. If the story has been artistically told the teacher will not have to ticket it with a moral. The teacher should not have to do as Mark Twain thought it necessary to do with a crayon sketch he once made. After duly considering it he wrote underneath it "This is a Donkey." The moral should speak for itself, and to the child's understanding.

Primary and Kindergarten.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FAST DAY.

In the Primary and Kindergarten departments of the Sunday School Convention held in Barratt Hall, April 4th, 1907, the following points were developed:

1. Suggest to the children something to talk about connected with

their own lives, and encourage them to speak about their own experiences rather than of remarkable things which they may have heard about. Be very careful to discourage exaggeration.

2. Discourage the children from saying what they think the teacher wants them to say rather than what they feel.

3. The desirable result of a Sunday School lesson is to give the children something to think about and put into practice during the week.

4. Most children are disobedient through ignorance. Do not teach them that the Lord does not love wayward children. Rather teach them that He does love them, and grieves because they do not show more love for Him.

5. Explanation may be made in a simple way as to why the Lord sent man to the earth and what He expects him to do while here.

6. Should children of the kindergarten and primary departments fast? They should certainly be taught what it means to fast, but wisdom should be exercised in having them carry these teachings into actual practice. Some children might be unable to stand a fast which would be beneficial to the older person.

7. The general feeling is that it is not wise to ask children how many of them have fasted, as in some cases it has been found that it has a tendency to encourage them in falsehood. Timid children sometimes fear they may incur the dis-

pleasure of their teacher by acknowledging that they have not fasted.

STAKE BOARD VISITS.

At this convention a discussion of the paper presented by Sister Dorothy Bowman brought out the following suggestions:

1. In no case should the teacher be corrected before the pupils, as it is almost certain to destroy the children's confidence in their teacher.

2. A visitor is always able to determine what kind of work the teacher is doing by reviewing the class on the lesson in hand.

3. Perhaps the most important part of a Stake Board member's work is to create spirit in the class. Teachers who are with the same class Sunday after Sunday, unless they are very careful, will become mechanical in their work, and it requires spirit to accomplish the purpose for which Sunday Schools were organized, viz., the making of Latter-day Saints of our children.

Sunday School Notes.

The Superintendency of the third ward Sunday School, of Brigham City, has sent in the largest subscription list thus far sent in by any one ward in the Church. Their list has reached eighty-five, and they promise still more. The same ward is also the banner ward for the *Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal*. Success depends upon the energy put forth in any one direction.



VICTOR E. MADSEN.



SUPT. J. F. BOWERING.



PERRY PETERS.

Communion.

Words and Music by Evan Stephens.

Tenderly.

Sweet is the breath of morn - - ing air,
Sweet the com - mun - ion we par - take, —
Sweet, in our pil - grim - age on earth,

Sweet are the sounds of song and prayer,
The cov - e - nants a - new we make,
These mo - ments of such price less worth,

Sweet the com - pan - ion - ship and love,
To serve our blest Re - deem - er, Lord,
When grace and com - fort blest is given,

When kin - dred souls in un - ion move.
To learn His will and kee-p His word.
A fore - taste of a fu - ture heaven.

Pleasantries.

THE WIZARD.

Some years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our Southern States for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old darky belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Tom, if you will watch your chicknes tomorrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock."

Tom was, of course, sceptical; but at the appointed hour the heavens darkened, and the chickens retired to roost. At this the negro's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Perfesser," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," said the professor, smilingly.

"Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was the darky's comment. "Perfesser, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"

THE SUPREME TEST.

He was no coward; nay, rather, men had even called him brave. At the peril of his life he had stopped runaway horses, had plunged into the sea to rescue a child from drowning, and had gallantly charged up San Juan Hill in the face of the Spanish bullets. But now his face paled and he trembled.

"I dare not," he muttered. "But," he added resolutely, "since she whom I vowed to love and cherish has asked it of me, I will not falter."

So, with calm courage and a resolute mien he descended to the kitchen to discharge the cook.

NOT THAT KIND.

A young woman in Philadelphia, but recently married, was enjoying the delightful novelty of marketing, one morning shortly after the termination of the honeymoon.

"I wish to get some butter, please," said she to the dealer.

"Roll butter, mum?" asked the man.

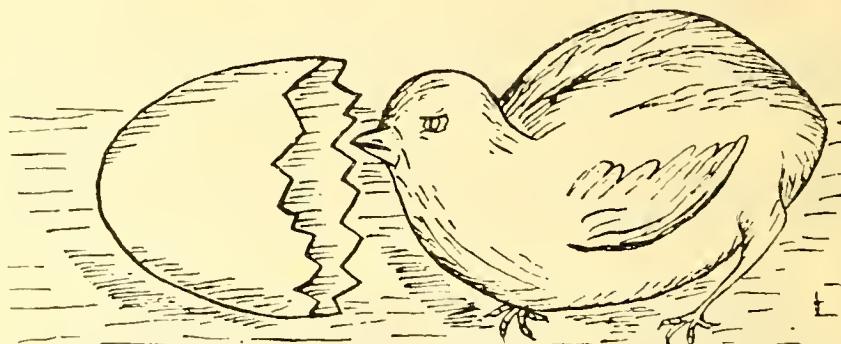
"No," promptly replied his customer; "we wish to eat it on toast. My husband doesn't care for rolls."

AND THERE WAS LIGHT.

Edgar's mother, wishing to keep him in bed for a slight cold, thought by darkening the windows to convince the young man that it was still night, and so closed tightly the inside blinds. All was thus dark except the small, round holes where the adjusting rod of the blinds worked.

"See," said mother, "it is dark, dark; lie still, now, and sleep until it is light."

"Mamma," queried a voice from the cot presently—"mamma, look at the window; the dark has got holes in it."



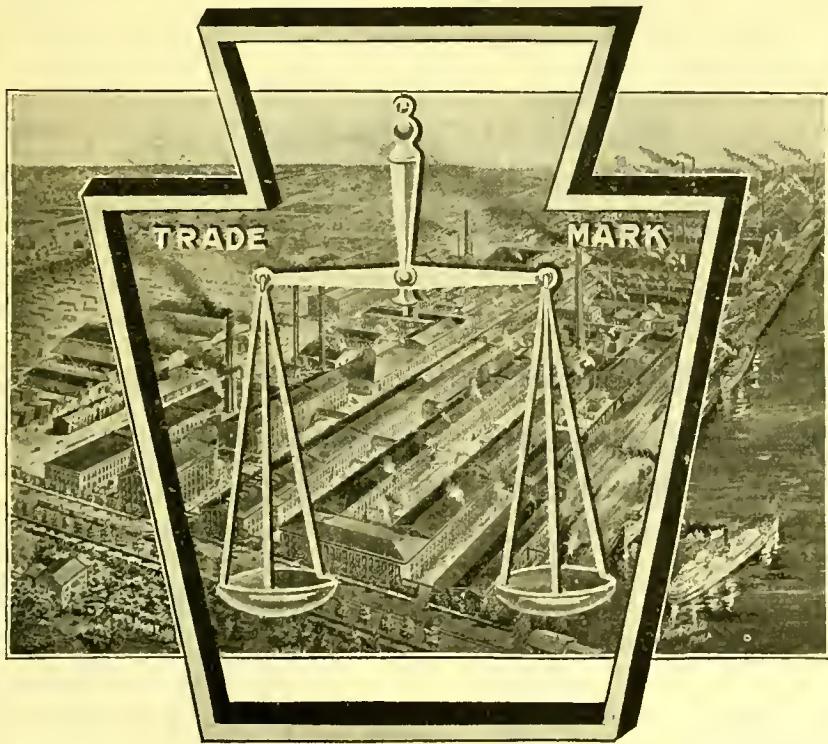
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it used to be.

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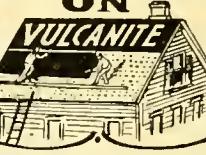
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IN 1857, ONE OF WHOM IS STILL LIVING THERE

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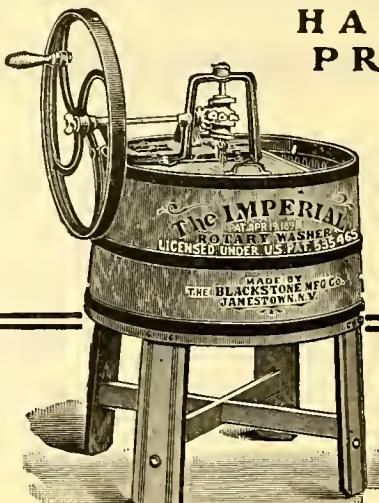
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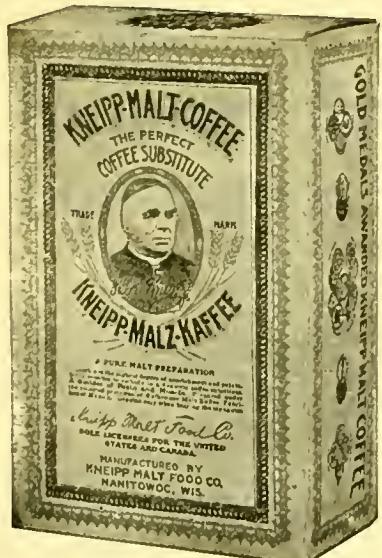
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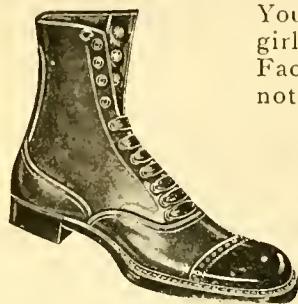
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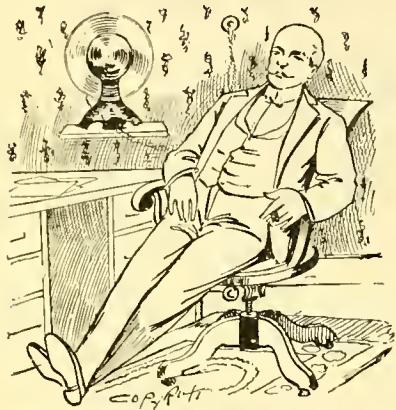


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ets to your best of candies. The people there have never seen nor tasted such delicious sweetmeats as you produce.

Now we have all tried your cocoa and I do know it is the best cocoa I ever tasted. My husband, who loves it, agrees with me that it has the flavor and taste of your best chocolates.

The thing that pleases me is not your success so much as your indomitable courage. Then to know that success does not spoil you any more than it has your most worthy and loveable parents. This it is which calls forth my warmest admiration.

May your cocoa follow in the delicious trail of your candies, and all find a market in every country on the globe. I am proud to be the friend of a good man and true, and so I am to sign myself,

Your friend, SUSY YOUNG GATES

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